

Good Morning 564

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

UNCHAINED . . .

IN the vestibule of an American Red Cross Club for coloured troops in Southampton is a notice which reads:—
"We have three bicycles to loan out to any men who will sign for them and promise to return them."

The Mayor of Southampton paid an official visit to the club, and on leaving to fulfil another engagement he was taking off his gold chain of office in the vestibule when a coloured G.I., who had just arrived at the club, went up to him and said: "Say, boss, is you going off duty?"

"Yes, I am, right now."
With a broad grin, the darkie, who evidently mistook the Mayor for a club attendant, said:

"Before you go, boss, can I have one of those bicycles?"

MAGIC (MAIL) CARPET CALLS ON TWO WIVES AND TWO SWEETHEARTS

News for A.B. George Taylor, A.B. Harry Mapleden, A.B. Arthur Dodd, and A.B. George Lorimer.

WE'RE calling more submariners to-day as we board the magic carpet and take a trip round this country of ours to visit two wives and two girl friends for you lucky people.

All aboard? Right, contact, and away we go, travelling north from the capital to make our first stop at Newcastle.

Here we drop in on behalf of A.B. GEORGE TAYLOR.

The magic carpet brings us right at the door of the "Royal Turks" Hotel, where we hop off to see whether we can't do what even your powers of persuasion

again, to relive those moments that are so precious to you both. Remember?

She's also looking forward to visiting your sister, Annie, at Warrington, and seeing for herself what your home town really looks like.

BEFORE we left Newcastle, we thought we had better make a call for A.B. HARRY MAPLEDEN, so we dropped in on his fiancée, Irene Archbold, of 8, Grasmere Avenue.

We don't know who got the bigger surprise, Irene or us. How do you sailors do it, Harry?

We guess you will be one of those sailors that just isn't in the old theory that the Navy has a girl in every port, and we don't blame you, either. Gosh, with such a good-looking fiancée, why should a guy be interested. Some fellows have all the luck.

We'll bet you didn't need any reminding of New Year's Day, the anniversary, not only of the day you met Irene, but the day a year later when the engagement was announced. Well, if that isn't something worth remembering, what is?

Irene is busily getting together her things for your homecoming, which is to be her wedding day, and is now all prepared for that happy day. Her Mum and Dad, too, have been helping, so that things will be all fixed for your return.

Mr. Archbold has his own private preparations made, too—he has reserved a nice pint glass specially for you at the "County," and hopes that you will soon be using it.

Another person to watch out for when you come back is young Ed. He has passed his Leading Seaman exam. in the Sea Cadets, and is looking forward to being able to hand out orders. One of these days he

is going to write and tell you all about it—perhaps.

The watch you sent Irene from Colombo arrived in perfect condition, and she won't be parted from it.

She hasn't much news for you as she writes so often, but you will be pleased to hear that all are well and hoping to see you soon.

Well, we hope that next New Year's Day you will be celebrating your wedding and settling down in that little Hastings home you and Irene have planned. She thinks so, as January 1 seems to be your lucky day, and somehow we guess she will be right. Women always are.

RELUCTANTLY dragging ourselves away from Newcastle, we travel in the direction of Grimsby.

There there is both a Mother and a Wife waiting for A.B. ARTHUR DODD.

If you're longing for a drop of home-made tea, Arthur, you can rest assured that there'll be



a cup waiting when you next visit your Mother at 50, Rendel Street, Grimsby.

Your mother told us about your fondness for tea and your reminders to her to keep plenty ready for when you come home. She's not forgetting; and supplies for your next leave are already assured.

We also visited your wife, and found her writing her daily letter to you. Regular news from home like that leaves us little to tell you.

We can tell you, however, that everything is quite all right at both houses, and mother and wife are eagerly awaiting your next homecoming.

And don't forget, the teapot's ready, too!

THE death of Mike Honeyman, after a long illness in a sanatorium, at the early age of 48, removes yet another of the dwindling band of boxers who were justifiably described as brilliant.

Honeyman was one of the speediest boxers the ring has seen.

His dazzling footwork earned him the title of "The Dancing

Mike Honeyman, featherweight "Dancing Master," was speediest boxer ring has ever seen, and the memorable occasion when he surprised even his admirers with a sudden burst of footwork is here recalled

by Mike's friend, W. H. MILLIER

Ring Champ cried Achtung! then broke sprint record

Master," and if he had not followed so closely, in point of time, on the heels of Jim Driscoll, he would have been even more famous as a featherweight champion.

Honeyman was born at Woolwich and started boxing as a professional at the age of 17. Within six years he had worked his way up to championship status at a time when there was no dearth of really first-class men at his weight.

He won the Lonsdale belt and feather-weight championship in 1919 by defeating Billy Marchant, of Salford, at the National Sporting Club.

A year later he defeated Tancy Lee to gain the second notch on his championship belt, and in this contest he rose to the pinnacle of his success by his brilliant boxing.

He must have had exceptional stamina, because in his day most of the contests were fought over twenty rounds, and

SAYING good-bye to Grimsby, we remounted our carpet and soon found ourselves on our way across the Irish Sea.

We slowed down over Belfast, and presently the carpet landed us at the door of 11, Trillick Street, where we found the wife of A.B. GEORGE LORIMER with a real surprise in store for her husband.

Were you able to get home on leave? When we called your wife was hoping you would be able to, for she was expecting to have a special reason for you to hurry home by then. She was quite well, George, and so were your mother and father.

Molly said she was expecting Bill home soon, so a party was being planned, and your wife promises a bigger and better party for you.

The youngsters are all at school, of course, and they never stop bragging about their big brother who is in submarines.

Letters from Artie, in West Africa, are fairly frequent now, and he sounds quite cheerful.

Ena, in the A.T.S., has moved over to England. She gets home every few months, and brings back tales that make all friends long to cross the channel.

Although your wife doesn't expect so much dancing now, she is looking forward to some visits to the Astoria with you. She says it seems like years since you were dancing together; so long, in fact, that she is afraid she will have forgotten how by the time you get home.

That's the end of your home message, George. Not very much, but all of it good as could be.



Honeyman used to box as fast in the last round as he did in the first.

As is usual with the speed-merchants of the ring, he did not win many fights by knock-outs, but he used to win by a big margin of points.

I knew Honeyman well, and I never ceased to wonder how it was that he could call upon such seemingly inexhaustible reserves of stamina, because to me he always looked more like a man in need of sanatorium treatment than a champion fit to fight twenty rounds at top speed.

He became boxing instructor to the Royal Air Force, and kept this job for over sixteen years. I saw him at Halton, the R.A.F. training depot, some time after he had been given the appointment, and I asked him how he liked it. He was not at all enthusiastic at first, and told me that he was afraid he could not settle down to that kind of life.

He thought he might hold the job for six months, no more. Yet he stayed for sixteen years.

As an instructor he was in the top flight, and many prominent Air Force boxers owe much of their success to his teaching. There is no doubt that he would have made a fine long-distance runner if he had taken to athletics instead of boxing.

His friends declare that he would have beaten all sprint records if he could reproduce the burst of speed he revealed on one memorable occasion.

THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS.

He was at Whetstone with several other boxers training what was considered to be a for important contests during the last war when the Germans sent over a swarm of planes on a daylight raid. Honeyman had looked out of the window of the gymnasium and had seen the planes coming towards their place.

He shouted at the top of his voice, "There's thousands and thousands of Jerry planes; they're coming straight at us!"

Honeyman's "thousands," by the way, meant about a score all told.

The other boxers gazed in alarm and wondered what they ought to do for the best. Most of them were worried, except one, who was standing just behind Honeyman; and he picked up two heavy iron weights and dropped them to the floor with a loud bang. Honeyman shot away as if he had heard the starter's pistol.

He was out of sight in a flash and had covered a fair distance in what every onlooker was prepared to swear must have been record time.

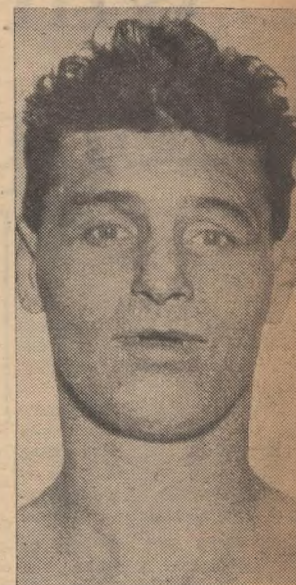
He finished up by trying to clamber over a high wall surrounding an empty house. The wall was in a crumbling condition, and the bricks came away in his hands.

In falling, Honeyman damaged his nose more badly than any of his opponents had succeeded in doing at any time.

As the Jerry planes passed over the place without unloading their lethal cargo in that neighbourhood, poor Mike was laughed at unmercifully by his pals for unnecessarily injuring himself. Still, that did not interfere with his contest, which he won in good style.

Honeyman rarely fought away from London, and by far the greater number of his contests were fought out in the same place, The Ring, Blackfriars, to be precise.

He was always a great favourite with the crowds that thronged this arena, and his name was sufficient to fill the hall, whatever the season. Many of the famous boxers



who used to appear frequently at The Ring have passed on, quite a large number having died at an early age. The founder and most of his associates are dead, as are so many of the old officials.

"HON MY RIGHT"—
But it is good to note that the most popular of all these officials, George Harris, is still very much in the land of the living at 81.

His friends arranged a benefit tournament for him at the Coal Exchange, Hertford, and it is to be hoped that the result will be enough to keep him in comfort for the remainder of his days.

Old George was the original M.C. at The Ring, and his "signature tune" was known wherever boxing enthusiasts foregather: it was, "Hon my right—"

His real value as an M.C. lay in his power of repartee. He was never known to fail in an emergency, and always came out with the right phrase at the right moment.

No matter how unruly the crowd, perhaps shouting down what was considered to be a bad decision, or a foul, which had been passed over by the referee, George would calmly step into the ring and quell the shouting with a wave of his arm.

When he could be heard, he would strike the right note with a wisecrack, and some sort of order would be restored.

Be sure that some wag would shout a sarcastic remark. Quick as thought, old George, perhaps poised on one leg whilst climbing down from the ring, would trump this ace with a rejoinder that would raise a laugh as loud as the clamour which started it all, and good humour would give place to threats of slaughter.

In good time he became an institution in himself. It was impossible to think of The Ring without George Harris, and although his hair went from black to white with his years of service, he has outlived that hall of fistic fame, which is now just a heap of ashes.

May he live to see a new arena rise Phoenixlike from the ashes of the old, and maybe he could come out of his well-earned retirement for the opening night to give the place a suitable send-off. That will be something to look forward to in the happier future that is to come.

Surely the ghosts of the old fighters who helped to make that arena famous will be there in spirit.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning,"

c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



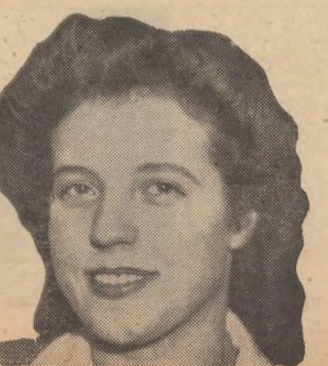
failed to do, George—get a picture of your sweetheart, Irish-born Kay Emmett.

Mind you, George, it was a pretty tough assignment for, as she's told you many times before, Kay is scared of a camera.

However, when Freddie Reed "Good Morning's" cameraman with the winning way, turned his personality on Kay, she decided to watch the birdie, and here's the picture you've waited for so long.

"Poor George has been asking me to have my picture taken for ages and ages," Kay told us, "but, honestly, I'm scared stiff of anything to do with photography. Mind you, much as I think of George, I'd have tried to get out of being photographed this time, if you hadn't come to the place where I'm staying. However, I know that he's been wanting a picture of me ever since we first started going out together, and I do hope that this one will remind him of all the good times we had together."

"Yes, George, Kay's Irish eyes are still full of merriment, and she is looking forward to going back to Larne



It will be Submarine Shopping in Flying Era

YOUR city to-morrow, to suit aviation's needs, may be the open, flat countryside of to-day; it may be planned primarily to look beautiful from the air; and property therein may derive its chief value from proximity to the airport. But what about living in it?

There is a world of difference between life in a modern town and existence in the same place 200 years ago, before steam-engines, motor-cars, hard pavements, drains, electricity and gas.

Well, there will be just as much difference between our present life and that in the air-dominated future.

Readers are especially acquainted with the life of ports, jumbled, untidy places serving the requirements of surface shipping. But they also know about

THE NEW AIR AGE—No. 4

By JULIAN MOUNTAIN

The coming Air era will change our cities, our lives, our country. Cities will be born. Others will die. Let's glimpse the future.

the growing power of the sub-as aircraft entirely dominate the world's surface. Still guarding

First, then, the air-age will progressively turn our ordinary ports will—or should—develop sub-into white elephants. The function marines capable of carrying large of present-day shipping will be cargoes in safety.

The only vessels to remain, apart from pleasure yachts and a few heavy freighters, will be submarines.

The underwater ship will inevitably increase in importance

Therefore the port-dweller of the future will no longer lounge on quayside or enjoy the picturesque panorama of crowded roadstead and busy dock. He will inhabit an underground city, no more than a design in camouflage from the air.

Flying machines will descend into concealed holes on the landward side; huge submarines will issue forth invisibly from the seaward side, leaving the underground pens and never breaking surface.

It seems, then, that the outstanding influence of aviation on our daily lives will be to give us all double lives.

Half will be the most glorious kind of open-air existence ever devised, during which we shall travel and amuse ourselves in the sky as the old generation formerly did on sea and land.

But the other half of our lives

will be spent in air-conditioned and artificially-lighted cities with thick roofs, covered streets, and most of the living and working space deep underground.

Personal flight will be an exhilarating process, and the subterranean cities will be wonderfully efficient and full of amusements. Climate then will no longer bother us.

OUR OWN WEATHER.

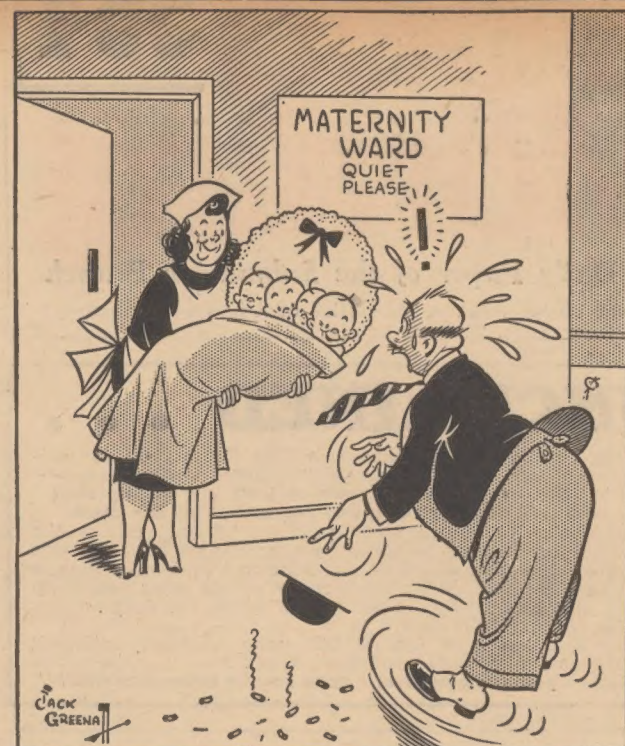
This applies particularly to frost and fogs. The one will be eliminated by artificial heating on a national scale; the other by I know not what—but it is certain that the air-age will be quite unable to tolerate conditions of low visibility at any time.

No fogs, no smoke—indeed, it sounds very much like no London as we know the dear old city to-day.

And here is a queer development which we are likely to see: the work of the civil engineer in future, as there is still a pony ingly we shall be forced to build constructing bridges, embankments, and in thrusting roads be characterised in appearance as self-contained castles from through difficult country will no by wide visibility, particularly which we shall emerge only to longer be necessary.

Why take the trouble when most transport will be airborne and contemptuous of terrestrial obstacles?

The roads and motoring? Possibly the land at present occupied by the railways will be transformed into high-speed motor highways, but who will really wish to travel by car when small, absolutely safe, easily manipulated aircraft are available at the present price of a motor-cycle?



"MY! MY! YOU SEEM TO HAVE HIT THE JACK-POT THIS TIME, MR BEASLEY!"

QUIZ for today

1. A tuskar is a rogue elephant, molar tooth, tool for cutting peat, large pickaxe.
2. Into what sea does the River Volga flow?
3. What dance is named after what poisonous spider?
4. What god was worshipped with apples?
5. What constellation contains

the stars Betelgeuse and Rigel? 6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Chisel, Plane-iron, Knife, Razor, Dagger?

Answers to Quiz in No. 563

1. Silver-gilt.
2. Danube.
3. Chiron, the Centaur.
4. Record: 290. Average: 150.
5. Scarlet Pimpernel, because it closes when it is going to rain.
6. Hydrogen is the lightest substance known.

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



THERE'S been a smoke screen in London, and it's all on account of women.

Should women smoke in the street? The spectacle of a girl striding along Piccadilly with a lighted cigarette between her lips so outraged sensitive Mr. "X," a male reader of "The Times," that he protested in that journal's august columns.

This stung a modern young woman to reply—in the same paper—that she would eat a bun in the middle of Piccadilly if she felt so inclined, and would not condemn Mr. "X" for doing the same.

But she would not dream of frowning on Mr. "X" if he declined to eat his bun in the street. The argument was that it was as absurd to want everyone to smoke in the street (because one personally desired to do so) as it was to want no one to smoke in the street (because one did not personally want to do so).



THE controversy caused such glee in Printing House Square that "The Times" let its whimsical fourth leader writer loose on it.

Under the heading, "The Look of the Thing," he argued that it was all a question of custom. When women first started to smoke cigarettes our grandparents were horrified.

But women demonstrated that they could smoke becomingly indoors, and once people got used to it they accepted the practice.

It was the same with smoking in the street.



LADY ASTOR, first woman to sit in the Commons, told journalists recently: "To-day I have done one of the hardest things I have ever done in my life, but a thing that every man in the world will approve of. I have said I will not fight the next election because my husband does not want me to."

Since when has her ladyship had regard for the whims of mere man?

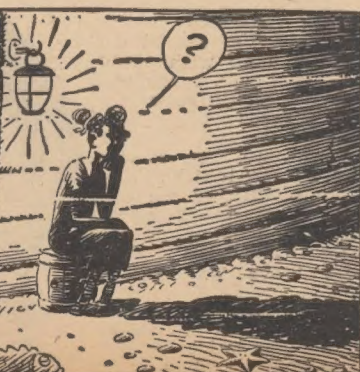
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—503

1. Insert consonants in **O*A*Y and **O*A*** and get two districts in Scotland.
2. Here are two metals whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
REVPOC — PERILS
3. If "pater" is the "pat" of the family, what is the pat of (a) Disagreement, (b) Postage?
4. Find the two sorts of bird-food hidden in: By all means clear the ground, sell it, and see definitely what it will fetch.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 502

1. ARGYLL, MIDLOTHIAN.
2. HAUTOBOY—CYMBAL.
3. (a) Grimace, (b) Recrimination.
4. C-and-le, Bul-b.

JANE



Bishop Walked Plank—Chalice and all

HIS real name was Edward Teach, and he was an Englishman who became the terror of the American coast from New York to Florida and beyond.

He was nicknamed Blackbeard because he wore a long beard rigged into tails, and often he stuck slow-matches into the tails.

He was six feet tall, possessed enormous strength, had pistols stuck into his belt, and thought nothing of killing men who disagreed with him and throwing them overboard.

There is no doubt that Blackbeard raked a vast fortune from his piratical acts. He did not care whether the vessel he was after was British or Spanish or anything else.

He sank the ships, tortured the crews, took women prisoners for his own possession, and secured the contents of the ships. But he had a sharp eye for Spanish galleons.

In one case he had so much

gold and silver that he heaped it on his deck and laid a tarpaulin over it. He put a Catholic bishop (a prisoner) in charge of it.

THE BISHOP'S CRUISE.

But he caught the bishop trying to secrete a gold chalice in his robe. The bishop walked the plank, chalice and all.

By **RUSSELL SINCLAIR**

It can be said of him that he shared honestly with his crew—each receiving according to rank. But his own share was vast; nobody ever questioned what he took for himself.

He hid one voyage's loot in the beach not far from where modern Miami now stands. He hid another lot on the banks of the Hudson outside New York. Part of this lot was discovered twenty years after his death.

Speculators have gone over

Teach's trail minutely, and are confident that the greater part of his loot has not yet been unearthed.

In the Everglades of Florida this greater part lies in the midst of the woods.

Teach left a chart giving directions for the finding of this treasure. He kept the

chart in his breast pocket, and it was taken from his dead body after he had been killed in a fight with the crew of H.M.S. "Pearl," a sloop sent out to catch him.

He was cornered in a river, where he had taken his ship to be careened, and a longboat of the sloop crept up during the night and opened hostilities.

The commander of the "Pearl" was Lieut. Robert Maynard, and he and Teach fought a desperate duel with

pistols and swords during the battle. Teach had over a score of wounds before he fell dying on his deck.

Lieut. Maynard cut off his head and brought it away with him on his bowsprit.

That was in November, 1718. The chart was examined by the authorities, and a search was made. Two heavy chests

were found deep in the ooze beside tall pines. The treasure amounted to about £50,000. But that was far less than Blackbeard buried.

SUPPRESSED THE NEWS.

The Miami treasure was known to be the most valuable, as a second chart in the possession of his mate showed. But the mate was killed in the now.

battle, and one of the crew taken prisoner, who knew the exact position, refused to tell.

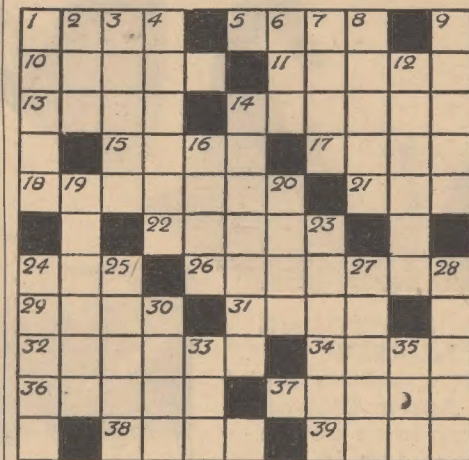
Nearly a century ago excavations inland from Miami disclosed a deep well, and at the bottom was a broken chest.

Gold and silver coins were there, too. But at the bottom of the well a tunnel led downward.

It has never been explored, because legal suits started up and the years dragged on. That will be said to be fifteen miles from Miami.

In Washington Library is a copy of the original chart, but because of falls of earth it would require a big engineering feat to get to the tunnel the mate was killed in the now.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

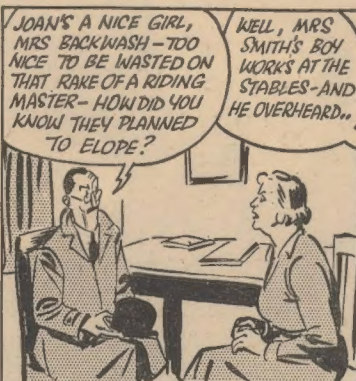
- 1 Minor shoot.
- 5 Fly high.
- 10 Circle spokes.
- 11 Table utensils.
- 13 Farm animals.
- 14 Harvester.
- 15 Sort of fever.
- 17 Storage pit.
- 18 Taciturnity.
- 21 Study.
- 22 Tumults.
- 24 Come suddenly.
- 26 Mc-odious.
- 29 Burden.
- 31 Part of church.
- 32 Meal.
- 34 Additional.
- 36 Frill.
- 37 Sound hoarse.
- 38 Metal.
- 39 Objects.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Runs.
- 2 Plastic stuff.
- 3 Perfect.
- 4 Stimulation.
- 6 Unfold poetically.
- 7 Unfortunately.
- 8 Fast.
- 9 Wading bird.
- 12 Java badger.
- 14 Narrate.
- 16 Individual group.
- 19 Laundry hand.
- 20 Italian mount.
- 23 Strict.
- 24 Portico.
- 25 Scholar.
- 27 Criminal.
- 28 Vegetables.
- 30 Identical.
- 33 Health resort.
- 35 Heavy.

MP BOMBAST
SLEEVE BOIL
ELDER LOPE
CAB RIPEN A
ISOLATE ERR
NEWEL APRON
D ALICE W
EBBS NECTAR
ROOTED KINE
SUN RUPEE A
TEXAS DRUM

RUGGLES



GARTH



Sport Oddities

You can't climb Mount Everest in Britain, but if you go up the high mountains one after another you can climb the equivalent. In 1932, Mr. Robert Graham set up an odd new record by climbing 30,000 feet—41 of the Lakeland mountains—in just ten minutes short of 24 hours. He had, of course, also to descend the mountains.

In 1930, a world's champion roller-skater showed what could be done by travelling from Madrid to Valencia, a distance of over 200 miles, on his skates.

At the same time, a "four" rowed by members of the staff of a Birmingham hospital were trying to lower the record of 8½ hours for a "course" of 25 miles on the Birmingham-to-Worcester Canal. It was almost as much of an obstacle as a rowing race, for the course included passing through 50 locks and a tunnel 1½ miles long and so narrow that canoe paddles had to be used instead of oars.

Golfers are always attempting to break endurance records. Capt. George Morris, at Deal, played ten rounds between sunrise and sunset, taking 880 strokes and covering 40 miles.

Not so long, but odder, was a match between two golfers on a course where the tee was in one Welsh town and the hole in another, twenty miles away. The golfers took 608 strokes to hole out, and both ended exhausted.

MANY boxers have gone on fighting after being "out on their feet." Some years ago, a footballer played right through a match without knowing what was happening. Harris, of Birmingham, early in a match, headed a difficult ball. He played a perfect game. But at the end of it, when he asked who had scored the goals and whether it wasn't Christmas Day, his manager called the doctor. Harris had played for eighty minutes with concussion, purely mechanically.

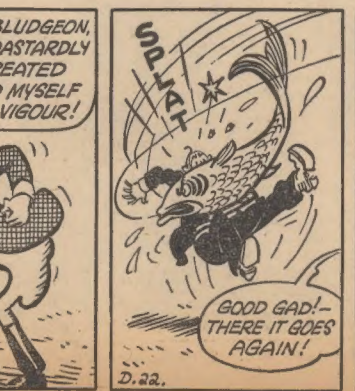
ONE of the strangest football "pitches" ever used was that laid down in the middle of the famous Red Square, Moscow, as part of the 1936 festival of sport and youth. The green rug covered an acre and a half of the square. Stalin and other Soviet leaders watched the game.

ALEX CRACK

First Cleric: "It's a serious thought. Just a few words mumbled by us and a couple are married."

Second Cleric: "Yes, a few words mumbled by the husband while asleep, and they're divorced."

JUST JAKE



Good Morning



NOW, THIS IS SOMETHING LIKE A DAY NURSERY!

A scene in one of London's big stores, where the Austin Clowns, father and son, drop in to amuse the kiddies who are left in the nursery each day while their mothers work in the store.



This is where we're going when we want a nice plump bird for Sunday's dinner. Only trouble is, the fool of a cameraman forgot to write the address on the back of the picture. If any submariner recognises the spot, and cares to write to us, we'll send him the wish-bone in grateful thanks.



QUITE A HANDFUL!

Margaret Landry is one of the saucy little flirts in RKO Radio's "Look to Your Children." "Okay, mister, we've got our eye on 'em!"



"Stop it, chum; it's more than I can stand." And that goes for us, too!



"It's so hot, I could sit in my bear skin." "It's even hotter than that—I'm sitting in my bear skin in a cold bath!"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

